Thoughts of a Dying Humanism

Antonios J. Everhart

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...Poetry is the child of Philosophy, born when inspiration discovers the true inner self and yields emotional catharsis...

— Antonios J. Everhart

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The Unknown Traveler

— Unknown traveller,
you've forgotten where you came from,
and you no longer wish
to remember your name.
In this darkened age,
you chose the harder road—
one without a harbour.

You reach inside your coat
and grasp the soil:
dust-covered memories,
faded images—
moments that once
carried you like snow
through gentler seasons.

— Unknown traveller,
at life's great crossroads
you chose tears once more.
You refused to be an eagle
in a sky thick with mud.

Where the times have cast you,
now you wish to search—

to change the course
of your own journey.

But the very thought
that brought you here
now drives you away...

Farther,
and farther still—
on a search for the soul
that never ends…

Desert

I woke
inside the unconscious
of my mind
and found a vast desert
full of colors
of gold and crimson.

And then I realized
within my unconscious
how small and young I am—
uneducated, talentless, primitive,
and somewhat an animal—

so that the fireflies
of my discoveries
come
to lull me to sleep
in Plato's cave
to throw me out again...

Without a watch

Without a watch, I go from here on—

I've broken the hands

to bring back a memory, flower-adorned,

whatever stayed hidden for so long

behind the numbers—

to live it now.

To mold planets

with childhood dreams.

And when time mocks me,

I'll simply

rest awhile.

The Well of Time

Now that the times have tangled,
and the years have changed,
you wished
to drink from the well of time,
to undo your mistakes.

Now that the times have tangled again,
and the years have turned backward,
you searched the well of time
once more,
to find your lost youth.

But the gold had turned to silver,
and the silver to water.

Now that the times have tangled,
and people have forgotten,
and still you search
to drink from the well of time,
to change your mistakes again.

Now that habits have shifted,
and people have turned upside down...

Self-Knowledge

You wished you were,
you wished you had—
without knowing who you are,
without knowing what you have.

And still,
you keep wishing to be,
you keep wishing to have—
but still,
you haven't found who you were,
you haven't found what you had.

The Dream of Desire

Endless,
the dream of desire.
You move forward,
and still you move forward—

you forsake the flowers,
fall in love with thorns,
again,
and in reverse.

You are wounded—
but you go on.

Unknown,
the dream of desire.

The Tree

I passed by the tree again—
it was still there,
but dead.

The other trees around it stood in silence.
No mourning,
not a single tear.

And the other trees
will die too,
someday.

No mourning,
no tear
for them either.

Only
perfect
silence.

Stateless and Exiled

Stateless and exiled,
I chose to live—
once I realized
all the filth and rot
that your beloved homelands transfuse into you.

One day,
I vomited up all my shame
onto the stereotypes
that teachers, priests, and parents
had hammered into my skull—
how to be a "proper," "respectable" man
in the image of a fallen society.

And one morning,
I vomited up all my greed
onto the codes and creeds
that teachers, priests, and politicians
had burned into my brain.

And on that sacred day,
I ran—
to find the man of Diogenes,
to embrace

the neighbour, the stranger, the unbeliever—
the one some Christ once called brother.

I crossed the borders of hatred
that so-called leaders
have carved with innocent,
pure blood.

And I became stateless, exiled—
free.

I went to live
in the green,
to soothe my septic body,
so I might carry some memory of life
on the day I die.

PASSPORT

The Haunted House

You’re afraid to enter that house—
rusted hinges,
rotting doors
that slam and creak
wildly through the night.

They're the truths of your fears.
And the ghosts that live inside
are the toxins you drank—
the ones your television
so kindly offered, again.

And once more you wander,
like a zombie,
with a shattered brain
and no memory.

And still,
you’re afraid—
of the ghosts
that now live inside.

The Earth's Blood

I will suck the earth's blood dry—
drink it all
in one great gulp—
if only I could find a straw
as large as my ego.

Cementophile — I become.
And I will stay like that.
I drown and build
in the rape of nature
where I find my thrill.

And now,
which psychiatrist do I beg
to come and diagnose me?

He'll offer me an incurable disease,
with profitable pills
to lull me asleep
forever—
inside the vicious circle of silence.

I was born
on the edges of a pure, virgin land—
but one night,
while the gods slept,
I fell—
bloodthirsty,
outgrew the thirst
of every vampire.

Don't wake me.
Don't say you'll save me.

Just bring me
the earth's blood—
all of it—
to drink now,
and live forever
in the vicious circle of silence.

...But you idiot, where are you going?

I rushed downhill
with reckless speed,
and I crafted beautiful monsters out of clay—
I stroked them, held them,
breathed life into them.

And black dogs,
small and well-fed,
run madly back and forth—
barking, shouting at me:

But you idiot,
where are you going?

You,
tiny and pathetic little human—
building, destroying,
sweating, gasping—
thinking you've become a god.

But death won't serve you life.

You,
small and ridiculous human speck,
in the ocean of the infinite universe,

starved by your ego,
and fed by your narcissism—

you eat your own entrails
morning, noon, and night.

Prometheus laughs within you.
Sisyphus is rolling
from laughter.

And love—
love barely fits
inside your bloated ego.

...But you idiot,
where are you going?

Fairy Tale with Happy Ending

I forgot again
to wear the mask—
the one I'd put on every morning
just to survive
the carnival of endless materialism.

And now,
a beautifully stupid world
spreads out before me.

Morning, noon, and night
I cross the street:
people protest for animal rights
as they pass the homeless
like potholes.

Parents preach Christian love
while worshipping their shopping carts.
Priests speak of Christ—
then stab Him
and go home
to watch Netflix.

Neofascists dressed in leftist coats,
right-wing saviors with chameleon tongues

licking everything in sight—
offering cash and fake promises
to newborn, clueless voters.

And right in the center:
a poppy blooms
from a sewer so vile,
its stench
could slaughter elephants
in seconds.

I forgot again
to wear the mask—
the one I'd wear each day
to survive the carnival
of enforced consumption.

And now this stupid, lovely world
opens up before me again...

In a hospital,
doctors repair humans with gears.
In a garage,
engineers heal machines
with futuristic medicine.
Scientists curse the trees
for climate change.

TV-porn stars of the midday zone
push ethics like shampoo.
Mummies begin to speak—
they smelled power.

Corpses—remnants of people—
run out to buy
the newest iPhone.

I forgot again
to wear the mask—
and the beautifully stupid world
reveals itself before me.

In a zoo,
people paid to watch a bloodbath.
But when they released
the lamb
into the lion's cage,
the lion hugged it,
played with it.

And the audience
booed.

Someone yelled:
"Did they neuter his instinct?

Give us our money back!
Frauds!”

A man walking by
claims to be a tree—
asks to be trimmed, not shaved,
and thanks the government
for all the legal drugs
he can now buy
at the supermarket.

And somewhere
in all this madness
I lost my mind...

Words collided,
merged into hybrid tongues.
People ask me who I vote for.
I say I don’t know—
maybe I’m a leftist on the right,
or a right-winger from the left.
When they ask if I believe,
I say:
I’m a materialist
from the Christian camp.

Just then,
a government drone flies overhead
blaring a clear, annoyingly repeated warning:

“Everyone go back inside
or you will die!”

“A new virus has been detected
in Mrs. Maria’s Garden!”

“It may have come from her spinach—
or from the meat sold to Mr. Michalis,
which he devoured with joy!”

“Everyone back inside
or you will die!”

And somewhere
in all that noise,
I locked myself in the asylum—
for my own good.

ROTS

Lotus-Eaters (Λωτοφάγοι)

Winter just won't leave
on the same damned land
you once washed up on.
Nothing's changed—
not since your father's father.
No spring ever showed up.

You ate the lotus too, my friend.

How many generations
will keep looping in circles?
Same old ideas,
same old fear
sitting right there
like it owns the place.
No substance.
Just void.

The red circle goes on and on.

You ate the lotus too, my friend.
And now you sleep—
deep in forgetting.

What tired, reused idea
pulls your strings today?
Which fear
drives your dreams?

You—
you who once burned to change the world,
when you could still smell the trees,
taste the invisible,
dream with empty pockets,
travel with just a scrap of sky,
reach for stars way out of reach.

And now?
Now you don't even recognize those things.
They look like childish dreams to you…

The Day You Forgot to Die (The Spell)

Too late now
to break the spell—
that thing you chased,
that thing they handed you
like a blessing,
in places dark,
quiet,
"safe,"
dripping in lies
and sugar-coated peace.

And now your dreams?
Dead silent.

The day you forgot to die,
dignity and honor
held your funeral.

You turned into a zombie,
sniffing around
for a taste of soul
you already lost—
just one drop
to feel alive again.

With selfish prayers,
you shape the dead,
build little prisons
out of fear and guilt.

The day you forgot to die,
you became immortal—
but cursed.
You wander
with no rest,
on that black day
you were reborn
without knowing
you were gone.

The spell?
It worked too well.

Now you're a forever-consumer
of love,
of seconds,
of bodies,
of breath.

You see products
everywhere now.

And at the altar of survival,
you bleed out
whatever scraps
of humanity
you still had left.

"I Seek a Man"

Knock knock,
I'm at your door.
Look—open it.
Don't ignore me, friend.
And listen to these words I'll speak:
wise words, once said by others—
though I, then, was vain,
and laughed at them coldly.

Knock knock,
I'm at your door.
And if you ask,
"What are you looking for?"
I'll say:
"I seek a man."

I search, and search again,
on this barren, overpopulated earth,
with my flickering, fragile light.

"I seek a man."

No—
I'm not Diogenes' son,
nor Nietzsche's grandson.
I'm more likely Cain's blood.
You see, I once played God—
and I killed God Himself
with these same two hands.
I buried the body deep,
so I wouldn't be reminded
of the horror I unleashed
on this broken earth.

And if, dear friend,
you wonder aloud—
"How can a god die?"

I'll tell you this:
Look around.
Where did the sun go—
that warm one
we once held in our hearts?

Where are the ideals
that used to unite us all?
Where is that old, famous nature
that rose around us like a hymn?

All I see are empty mountains
drenched in sorrow.

We've become deathless animals—
but without the sense of death,
what makes us human?

Tell me—
how could life not lose its sweetness
when nothing ever ends?

How could we not become
hedonists, unloving,
the walking dead?

If this isn't the rotting flesh
of God Himself
beneath the soil,

then what is it?

Knock knock,
I'm at your door.
Cain's descendant—
and **I seek a man.**
I killed God.
I hold the world
in these same hands.
And I ask you—
come with me,
let's try to raise
what's been rotting so long.

The years go by.
And though I might be wise now,
my light is fading—
and the darkness
keeps growing all around.

Don't ignore it.
Real death is coming.

The end, my friend—
may already be here.

The Road I Didn't Take (The Scent)

Dedicated to my Valanto

I smelled it again—
that scent.
And somehow,
I knew.
That one day,
I'd come back.
To the road
I never took.
To look for you.

In this endless universe,
under a boundless sky,
your face
haunts my dreams again.
And every path I chose
feels like a mistake.

The road I didn't take
leads straight to you.

Through the years,
I kept dreaming of your shape—
like I'd known you,
like I'd felt you

one lonely night.
And the scent—
that same one—
was there again.

I remember.
I had hidden from life
for years.
Forgotten myself
in the fog of forgetting.

But now—
I'm back.
Right where I left off.
Inside the breath
of morning wind,
in the smell of rain.

The road I didn't take
brings me to your door.
That old house,
its walls cracked,
its roof collapsed
under time's relentless slap
and the fury of passing days.

But your scent—
still there.

It refuses to fade.

Sometimes it passes me by.

Sometimes

it follows me.

Flesh-Eating Cities

In the land of the Lotus-Eaters,
the lotuses now have keys—
soft-lit,
glowing,
irresistible.

And in the narrow maze ahead,
digital sirens
sing through fiber and screen.
Can you resist their call?

In Calypso's domain,
you slip so easily—
values traded
for pleasures
disposable and fast.

At the straits where thought runs free,
Scylla and Charybdis
built from wire and steel
wait without pity.

Concrete jaws
ready to crush

all that still makes you
you.

Modern human—
they will spit you out.
You'll be
just another cog
in the machine.

Where is your Ithaca now?
And which way
are you heading?

Maybe—
if you remember Odysseus
in your bones—
you still might
make it home.

The Different One

You have a different color,
belong to another race.
And though you were shaped by the same god,
they named you
different.

You love differently,
you choose your own way—
but to some,
your life is
empty.
And though made of the same clay,
they called you
different.

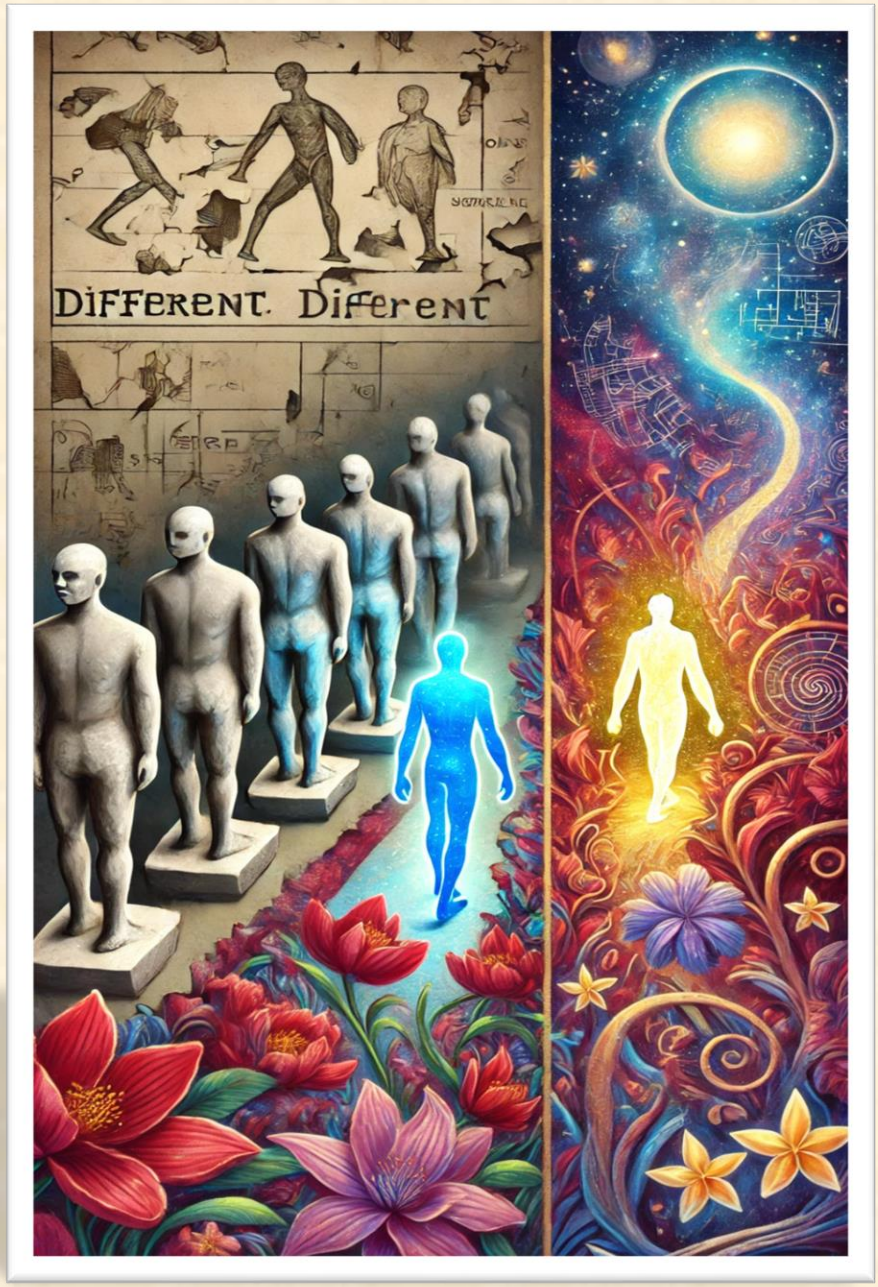
You were born with another idea,
you dreamed dreams
in a different form.
And though you're no less of this world,
they cursed you
as different.

Just—
don’t believe it too.

That you are

just another

“different one.”



Deposition

You offered hope
with a single word
to the graveyards of centuries.

You longed for all
that dares to bloom
at the summit of all things.

You bled hatred—
not to infect
the thoughts of this world.

And then,
you rose —
somewhere high,
to wait
for the day
we cast out
the beast within us.

Smiling Day

Smiling day,
spring's own morning—
I wait for your smile
through the folds of time.

Someone once told me:
if you sing to the sun,
the clouds will go.

I don't know if I should—
but I'll wait.
Maybe it will happen.

I Wandered

I wandered—

in a single morning

I breathed in spring, summer, autumn, winter.

I saw plane trees and pines standing together,

watched nature surprise me.

So many contrasts:

I felt peaceful beauty,

and missed the noise

in the very same breath.

I wandered—

in just one day

I fell in love

and lived a lifetime.

Heard death,

but saw a festival.

Felt joyful pain,

and sorrowful joy.

I saw people running

with no reason why—

shouting, laughing,

grasping at nothing.

I searched for the same meaning

in foreign tongues,

inside the colors of earth and sky.

And there,

I found thoughts

that breathe life.

I wandered—

discovered continents, rivers, cliffs,

met a thousand faiths,

but the essence was the same.

If you're looking for meaning,

it doesn’t age—

it’s timeless.

I walked many homelands,

and felt them all as mine.

Too hard now

to choose just one.

I wandered—

into the arms of an old tree,

and slept, exhausted.

I became a star,

saw everything from above

with honest, open eyes.

No borders.

No lines.

Just moments—

small, unrepeatable,

priceless,

simple moments.

I simply… wandered.